

THE TATLER

FEBRUARY, 1921

FUN FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



NITA NALDI

Photo by Edward Thayer Munroe

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The TATLER



VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1921

NO. 1

Foibles of February

HEADLINE says: "Another Drop in Meat Prices." But, there isn't another drop in the cellar.

Reformers are determined to make the Sabbath a day of arrest.

Seattle now outranks Reno as a divorce center. Westward the course of vampires takes its way.

Even if you can't get half-fare on the railroads, you can get it in the restaurants.

Were it not for the clashing of colors, we would believe that the Reds are behind the Blue laws.

Any young lady who desires to go on the stage can do so for ten cents on Fifth Avenue.

All we need are the Red, White and Blue laws we already have.

One woman is so fond of an argument that she won't even eat anything that agrees with her.

A man doesn't begin to think seriously of marriage until he has been married for some time.

Lots of Broadway actresses cannot remember their wedding anniversary—there are so many of them.

Broadway man is dead from broken neck. He was taken to the hospital for lumbago and then the doctor rubbed his back with alcohol; the patient couldn't resist the temptation to try to lick it off.

We hope the crime wave will not be one of those permanent waves we see advertised so much.

The Broadway groundhog never looks at his shadow. He catches sight of some of those Broadway chickens and can't keep his mind on his business.

A scientist has just invented Methylpropylcarbinol, a new nerve medicine. But we don't know of anybody along Broadway who needs it.

THE TATLER

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Pity the Poor Guinea Pigs

A CERTAIN Broadway party, taking into consideration the uncertain quality of the liquid uplift now on sale has taken measures to protect himself against aphasia and kindred ailments and at the same time has started a new fad which promises to sweep the country.

The idea is to carry guinea pigs around wherever one goes in the course of his travels. It is alleged that many lives have already been saved by this method.

Before touching a drink, place the guinea pig on the bar and let him lap up a few drops of it. If the pig begins standing on his tail, chattering incoherently, posing like Napoleon and dancing the shimmy, leave the stuff alone and walk out of the place, leaving the guinea pig to

pass away at its leisure, or before.

If the guinea pig suffers no ill effects, you can take a chance.

It is said a smart shop on the avenue has for sale cases, so constructed as to carry several guinea pigs at one time and, judging by the horse-power of some of the embalming fluid now being sold, a person would use up a good many guinea pigs in the course of an evening.

This case can be carried in evening clothes without attracting undue attention and can be carried by ladies as vanity cases. But care should be taken not to let any hint of this to reach the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Guinea Pigs which will doubtless be formed as soon as the new fad becomes prevalent.

Don't You Love Statistics?

A NEW YORK sculptor stopped sculpting the other day long enough to report that for every person who enters the Metropolitan Art Museum daily, there are six people who enter the aquarium.

In other words, folks would rather look at a live haddock than a dead mummy. Fish is supposed to be a brain food, and so is art. But a sunfish is more attractive than a sunset.

The idea of statistics was invented way back in the Garden of Eden, where the population was doubled by using Adam's rib. Ever since, statistics have been the chief passion of one-half the human race—to say nothing of all the Chambers of Commerce.

We do not doubt the sculptor's figures, but it is probably equally true that:

For every person who goes into the Pub-

lic Library to read, six go in to sleep.

For every person who goes to the Ritz because he is hungry, six go because they want to brag about it afterward.

For every person who comes out of the Ritz satisfied, six come out still hungry.

For every taxi driver who has been to church, six have been to jail.

For every floorwalker who is a normal human being, six use perfume.

For every doctor who admits his mistakes, six bury them.

For every advertisement that tells the truth, six tell everything else.

For every husband who wants to stay home at night, six have to.

For every wife who believes her husband, six know better.

For every man who goes to a recital, six go to the Folies.

Kay Laurel, Model, "Follies" Girl, Actress



Who Am I?

I AM opposed to joy.
 I believe happiness is a sin.
 I believe laughter should be abolished.
 I regard singing as an indication of wickedness.
 I think automobiling is a pastime of the imps of Satan.
 I know that he or she who dances is going straight to hell.
 I think gum-chewing is inane, illegal, immoral and disgraceful.
 I am of the opinion that a theater-goer should be sent to Sing Sing.

I am convinced that short skirts mean the ruination of this country.
 I am confident that women who rouge should be locked in jail.
 I know that any person who sees a circus is sub-normal.
 I don't believe in player-pianos or phonographs.
 I detest dress suits. They are frivolous.
 I know motion pictures are vicious.
 I am the old Cheer-up Kid.
 I am the Reformer.

The Tatler's Valentines

TO ZIGGY.

THE rose is red,
 The violet blue.
 Solomon could pick 'em
 And so can you.

TO KITTY GORDON.

O statuesque enchanter who
 Has come to 'suage our woe and pain.
 Our hearts you thrill in vaudeville.
 We're glad to see you're BACK again.

TO K. & E.

Oh, K. & E., now please agree.
 Shake hands across the bloody chasm.
 For it is very plain to see
 That soon or late all partners has 'em.
 But, if you must kick up the dust
 And in the courts and papers slam
 Each other, go right to it, boys.
 Nobody cares a New Amster-dam.

TO LEE AND JAKE.

Build another theatre?
 You said it.
 If you want a Valentine,
 This is it.
 You've read it.

TO NORMA.

O lady of the wistful smile,
 We know Joe Schenk won't care
 If we extol you for awhile
 And call you passing fair.
 Give our regards to Connie and
 To Natalie, too, please.
 We'd pay the war debt out of hand
 With your three salaries.

TO AL H. WOODS.

Bed dramas must come back again
 From exile and they surely shall.
 Cheer up! A lot of old tads like
 Wild-women stuff. You know us, Al.

TO FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN.

When you
 Kick a hole in the sky.
 Our heart
 In a rapture melts.
 Let others talk of Valentines
 And radium and diamond mines.
 We think of something else.

TO GEORGE SIDNEY.

You're welcome, Stranger, welcome,
 But we never did expect
 You'd be such a pleasing actor,
 With no kosher dialect.

TO LEON ERROL.

Oh tell us where's
 Your stage hooch mine
 And we will be
 Your valentine.

TO ROSCOE ARBUCKLE.

You're a fat Valentine
 But a wonderful stew
 You'll make if the cannibals
 Get hold of you.

TO E. H. AND JULIA.

May your farewell tours be many
 As the sands along the sea.
 And to Bill Shake not a penny
 In the way of royalty.

I Hear—

By the TATLER

THE story of why a young woman, daughter of a beloved, distinguished son of Broadway, has recrossed the Atlantic without fulfilling any of her own and her father's brilliant plans for her, is one that goes to the roots of human nature.

The girl lacked filial affection. She was disrespectful to the mother of the beloved and distinguished son of Broadway, her grandmother, to whom she always alluded as "the old woman." Her greatest indiscretion was a flirtation, that grazed the serious, with one of her father's employees—who happens to be married.

"Come over and lunch with me Thursday," her father telephoned the young person.

She kept the appointment. She didn't enjoy the dainty meal her father ordered for them at the Claridge. His own appetite was strangely lacking.

The father drew from his pocket a square white envelope, and passed it across the table to her.

"What's this, Dad?" she asked.

"Your ticket for Saturday's steamer," he replied. "You don't know it, but you're going home. The truth is you have deeply disappointed me. You have nearly broken my heart. You have cracked it, anyway. I will never be able to see another performance of 'King Lear.' If any one sends me another set of Balzac I will pull out the Pere Goriot volume, and throw it in his face. That's the way I feel."

She started to speak, but he raised a hand that compelled silence.

"It's a mistake to try to understand the daughter of a woman who has made you miserable. We never understood each other. You're the same way. Why you should show no affection nor respect for me, why you should insult your grandmother, and, more than all, why you should take the part of a rascal against me I don't pretend to understand, unless it's because you are your mother's daughter. Anyway, back you go to Europe on the next boat."

She didn't say much. He had said all there was to register. But she sailed.

When a woman falls, she frequently wraps herself in an excellent fur coat—to break the force of the fall.

Concerning the street of many changes, Broadway, the "See Saw Street." Have you met that still handsome woman of imposing presence who always gets past the doorman and into the star's dressing-room? That is because the hearts of players are kind and, despite what is said to the contrary, their memories are long. The woman is Elita Proctor Otis. She is the woman of whom Manager John Stetson said: "Her laugh is worth a hundred dollars a week." He put her on the stage because of that laugh. She was Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," and Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal" under his management. "Sporting Life" and Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist" were among her successes.

Something went wrong, something within or without. A private subscription was made for her among her sister actresses and brother actors. The fund was soon exhausted. She became agent for a typewriting machine. She found that few Thespians needed typewriters, but every mime needs a clock. By way of the stage door she sells clocks. I saw one of them on Theda Bara's dressing-table. Up and down "See Saw Street."

Nothing is perfect in this world, and the Anti-Saloon League is the only thing that claims to be.

Over at the Gaiety you will see a slim, fair woman playing a part of two or three lines in "Lightnin'." She is Minnie Palmer, who twenty odd years ago was starring in "Sweethearts," at the same time Frank Bacon was barnstorming in California. She is supporting him in the play of which he is the author and star. Ups and downs, indeed! "See Saw Street."

It gives one pause in our headlong metropolitan life to encounter such a strangely marked change of existence as that of Morton Theiss. Mr. Theiss was well known of Broadway. He was the manager of "Wine, Woman and Song." His fortune was rated at a million. Whatever the reason a change came in his fortunes, a change as decisive as turning of Fifth Avenue into McDougall Alley. Mr. Theiss vanished from Broadway. Members of traveling

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

companies have told me of meeting him in a city in the West. He is a crier for a hotel. He meets the train and stands in line with the other hotel runners at the station, chanting the addresses and merits of the hostelry he represents.

Wanda Lyons is back from Europe. They liked her in Paris, and loved her in London. The dark-eyed girl with the smile and the voice and the ten-girl power magnetism traveled a long way to Paris and London. Not merely from New York. She came from Salt Lake City, where she was a salesgirl in a flower shop. She came to New York by way of a vaudeville engagement. The Shuberts gave her a chance at the Winter Garden. She leaped at it as a mountain trout at a well-baited hook. Followed Paris and London approval.

No person nor organization knows more about the depths and altitudes of Broadway than the Actors' Fund and its directors. To them come many hidden stories of anxiety or want by persons whose names are still gilded by the halo of fame. A dropping out of sight for a year or two, or three, a wondering by those who remember best, the conjecture, "They must be in pictures somewhere." Then a sad little tale recited in the Actors' Fund rooms. Usually it is by a friend. The unfortunate subject of it dreads being seen to enter or depart from the Fund doors. By chance I heard one of these stories. It concerns an actress of majestic presence, once of irresistible charm. She starred in company with other brilliant men and subsequently alone. A tiny flat in Harlem houses her. Her friend tells me that she has known want, that she has had an intimate acquaintance with cold and hunger this winter. She might enter the Actors' Fund Home that crowns one of the hills of Staten Island. But she still hopes for an engagement. Why do managers forget the stars of yesterseason?

Now that bartenders are extinct, manicurists are the chief custodian of male confidences.

Yes, she is happy. I refer to Lillian Russell. It seems that Miss Russell intends to stay married this time. We did not expect it after her series of matrimonial impermanencies. But The Queen has grown older, though she doesn't look it, and wiser. The home at Penn and Linden Avenues in

Pittsburgh, feeds her domestic sense. It's a safe anchorage for wandering Dorothy. Poor Dorothy who can never again, since that maiming by a fall at Atlantic City, be called footloose!

Miss Russell comes less and less often to New York. A shopping or political tour now and then with longer intervals between the now and then. Yes, marriage has "taken" this time.

You never can tell about a chorus girl. Twenty of the merry-merry out of "Silks and Satins" stopped at the Y. W. C. A. in Cincinnati the other week. So far as we've heard, the joint hasn't been pulled.

Wonder why Marie Doro and her husband—Elliott Dexter, isn't it?—are so seldom seen together! There have been rumors of tiffs and more serious differences. I hope they are untrue, or, at all events, exaggerated.

Some girls seem to think that the worst disgrace in the world is to be a respectable married woman.

A vaudeville actor puts his profession above all things. One dancer in the two-a-day, whose wife is also his partner, had to drop back and do a "single," when his wife skipped out with another man. "Do you know," said the dancer, "this isn't the first time it's happened. Three years ago, she ran off with a musical director. And last year, she ran off with a doctor." "Well, do you always take her back?" someone inquired. "Take her back?" repeated the vaudevillian, in a tone of surprise. "Sure I take her back. She's a great performer!"

Vindicated at last! Statistics of New York state on 8,047 persons convicted of crime during the year, show that only eleven actors and three actresses were in the list. Which proves that stage folks are much more law-abiding than other people—or else they don't get caught!

Nothing is easier for a picture star than to be reported married. Louise Glaum was recently rumored to be the bride of Cecil B. De Mille. Mr. De Mille was able to call attention to a perfect alibi—a wife and three children.

A man is known by the friends he keeps, and a woman by the friends she gives away.

(Continued on page 8)

Helene Jesmer, Recovered From Her Accident



Photo by Old Masters Studio

(Continued from page 6.)

Saw Orville Harrold, minus sixty pounds yesterday. Pounds avoirdupois not English pounds sterling, I mean. Orville is taking care of the English pounds sterling and the American dollars and even quarter dollars these changeable days.

The reason for the lessened avoirdupois and the heavier bank account is that the American Caruso has yielded to wifely management.

Mrs. Orville Harrold is a slim, brown-eyed, fair-haired young woman from Texas. She was a member of the chorus when the tenor met her. The opera was Naughty Marietta. Orville Harrold was the tenor who made love to Madame Trentini. Three years ago they met again. The tenor had grown weary of entertainment street. He didn't care. He met Miss Blanche Mailli. They renewed their acquaintance of seven years before.

"You are a great man, but you need management," she said.

"Will you undertake to manage me?" he asked.

That was a solemn conversation of theirs. Little like a pre-engagement chat.

The capable young woman from Texas said: "I can do a great deal for you, but you must promise to do as I say." Harrold agreed. They married. They took a simple little apartment on Madison Avenue above a tea room. Mrs. Harrold scorning the would-be plutocrats who applied for the job of cooking her meals, said "Avaunt," or something equivalent to it, and did the cooking and other work of the household herself. The tense waist measure shrank. Because she permits him only two meals a day. And she forces him to walk from their house to the park and around the reservoir every day, four and a half miles. When he asks for cake she gives him a baked apple. Their bank account has grown in inverse ratio to his weight. They have bought a farm in Connecticut. They are arranging to bring his aged parents from Indiana. He longs—but I won't tell you of his ambition. It is not what you would expect of one of the chief singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, but it is a worthy one.

"That kid of mine!" he calls Adelaide Harrold, who is singing the name role of Irene. "She is a chip of the old block." He tells of how, like him, she ran away from home. "Got a telephone from her one morning." She said, 'Hello, Dad, I'm in New York.'

"Thought you were working in an office in Detroit," I said.

"I was, but am not, you might say."

"What do you want in New York?"

"A job."

"I got it for her," says the tenor, "and, as I expected, she has made good."

Her proud father avers that the first time she ever appeared on the stage was when she sang the name role of the play that won't stop playing, at the Vanderbilt.

A girl in a taxi feels perfectly safe as long as the driver doesn't look around.

Don't be surprised if you hear that an actress now appearing on Broadway in a very successful comedy shifts her attention to grand opera one of these days. Not that she is going to take up singing, but she's going to take up a tenor. Her engagement to the famous Scotti is being whispered.

One striking brunette who has been a feature of the roof shows, and also appeared in pictures, must hold the photograph monopoly among army men. According to one photographer who has given her sittings, he is constantly being besieged for copies. Even a member of the general staff is on the list.

Fred Stone, now one of the highest salaried performers in America, can remember the time when he and his partner, Dave Montgomery, divided \$75 between them at the end of the week. That was when they were a team in vaudeville.

Have you any Russian roubles lying around loose? If you have, better put them away in the safe, for if the politicians ever get the credit situation straightened out with Russia, they will jump into money. Morris Gest is reported to be holding \$100,000 of them, and if they get back in the neighborhood of their original value, he'll be able to cash in handsomely.

Well, if Kipling has joined a school of scenario writers, as reported, it won't be the first time he has mixed in with the films. Whether he knows it or not, he's to blame for a whole wagonload of vamps—long, short, baby, and would-be.

Their Names Were In the Paper Because—



She, Helen Lee Worthing, dashed back into a burning hotel to rescue her pet pig

She, Anna Mae Clift, was picked by Hoppe as the American girl who most nearly resembles Lady Manners, noted English beauty

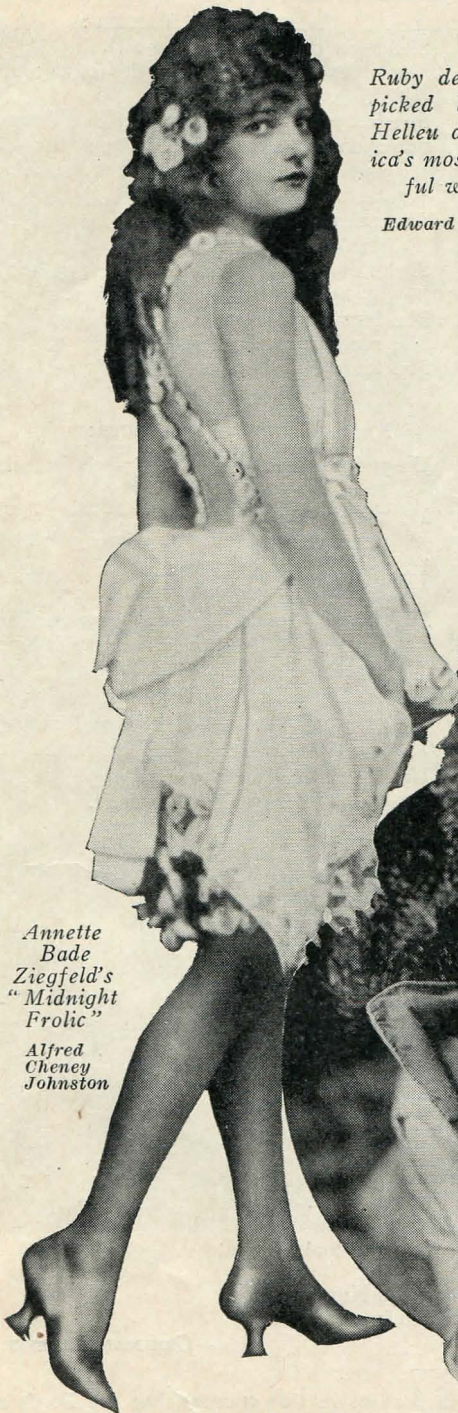
Calendar for February

- TUE.** 1.—Warrant issued for the arrest of the man who put the brew in February, 1921.
- Wed.** 2—Self-tapping cigarette invented for the convenience of nervous young actors, 1912.
- Thu.** 3—Blue lawmakers put through another constitutional amendment, prohibiting the wearing of tights, 1922.
- Fri.** 4—Chorus girls refused to go on the stage without 'em, 1923, and the law was repealed.
- Sat.** 5—Raymond Hitchcock had his hoarseness removed, 1931, and nobody recognized him.
- Sun.** 6—For the first time in a dozen years, Arthur Hopkins got through the season without producing a Russian drama, 1928.
- Mon.** 7—Maclyn Arbuckle filled a theatre to capacity, 1925. (He can almost do it now.)
- Tue.** 8—A highbrow admitted in public that he didn't always know what Bernard Shaw was driving at, 1911. He was sent to Mattewan.
- Wed.** 9—Sam Shipman and Al Woods are to be featured in a film version of "Unfriendly Enemies," 1921.
- Thu.** 10—Julia Sanderson went into a play in which she didn't have a male star on either side of her, 1940.
- Fri.** 11—Fred Stone has been engaged as general understudy at the Hippodrome, including the chorus, 1949.
- Sat.** 12—Morris Gest has had his "Mecca" endorsed by Lydia Pinkham and Daggett & Ramsdell.
- Sun.** 13—A movie actor who attempted to impersonate a minister without wearing glasses was sent to the penitentiary, 1919.
- Mon.** 14—The 750th theatre in West 42nd Street will be ready for occupancy this fall, 1966.
- Tue.** 15—An actor was decorated by Congress, 1951, because he admitted he was out of a job, instead of "resting."
- Wed.** 16—A vaudeville bill failed to close with an acrobatic act, 1912, and several members of the audience refused to go home.
- Thu.** 17—New song for theatrical angels (to be sung in heaven): "I am but a stranger here; Broadway is my home."
- Fri.** 18—Motto for chorus girl who has gone the easiest way: "All is lost, save chinchilla."
- Sat.** 19—A man who was invited to "an evening with the ivories" thought it was to be a crap game, and it turned out to be a piano recital.
- Sun.** 20—In a competition for length of stage career, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen ranked fifth. The first four were chorus girls.
- Mon.** 21—Mrs. Fiske appeared in a new play, 1924, in which she didn't have a chance to spring a good cuss word.
- Tue.** 22—Margaret Anglin is such a firm believer in all things Greek that she doesn't patronize black bootblacks.
- Wed.** 23—Some actors are so wooden that they ought to be able to get work in a marionette theatre.
- Thu.** 24—A new musical show was produced, 1909, which had 500 new jokes. All but three of them were in the audience.
- Fri.** 25—Up until 1900, women wore their hats during a play. Nowadays, some of them don't even wear their hair.
- Sat.** 26—Laugh-producing qualities of the inflated bladder discovered, 2000 B. C. Bladder still producing laughs, 1921.
- Sun.** 27—Japanese silk-worms went on strike, 1944, and musical producers had to put their choruses on lingerie half-rations.
- Mon.** 28—The Drama League elected the following officers in 1999: Flo Ziegfeld, president; Al Woods, vice-president; Lee Shubert, secretary; Delysia, treasurer, and the Six Brown Brothers, directors.

And The Vampire Said, "Let Us Prey"

*Ruby de Remer,
picked by Paul
Hellen as Amer-
ica's most beauti-
ful woman*

*Edward Thayer
Munroe*



*Annette
Bade
Ziegfeld's
"Midnight
Frolic"*

*Alfred
Cheney
Johnston*



Doris Green in the "Greenwich Follies"

Photo by Old Masters

The Deadly Difference

WHEN SHE'S ENGAGED:

She thinks he's a gallant knight.
 She pretends to have the sweetest disposition.
 She says her hair is naturally curly.
 She agrees with him when he raves about the beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls.
 She tells him she thinks it's manly to smoke.
 She tags along to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the symphony concert.
 She dotes on Browning.
 She recites poetry.
 She believes there's nothing like marriage.

WHEN HE'S ENGAGED:

He paddles among the pond-lilies in a canoe.
 He raves about the grandeur and the beauty of Niagara Falls.
 He smokes one of her scented cigarettes and pretends to enjoy it.
 He visits the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and goes to Carnegie Hall to hear music.
 He reads the latest books.
 He says he likes poetry.
 He takes her everywhere in a taxi.
 He has generous impulses.
 He believes there's nothing like marriage.

WHEN SHE'S MARRIED:

She finds out he's a night-owl.
 She gives him a few samples of the real thing.
 She keeps her curling iron in his drawer.
 She spends ten minutes looking at the falls and two hours in a shredded wheat factory.
 She tries to make him give up smoking, drinking and swearing.
 She spends two days shopping, and winds up by buying a pair of gloves.
 She burns the steak.
 She reads him the riot act.
 She finds out there isn't.

WHEN HE'S MARRIED:

He paddles among the trout pools in a row boat.
 He spends ten minutes looking at the falls and two hours in the power plant.
 He smokes an old pipe that is strong enough to knock out Dempsey.
 He spends a night and two days trying to locate a wholesaler who will sell him a case of gin.
 He reads the stock quotations.
 He says he likes corned beef and cabbage.
 He wants to know if she's crippled.
 He can't afford to have 'em.
 He knows dern well there isn't.

My Valentine

I RECALL, and it was just last year,
 I sent a tender valentine.
 She was a peach. I shed a tear
 To think of this sweet friend of mine.

I bought it at a little shop.
 It spake a motto dripping love.
 She was my fondest lollypop
 And I her constant turtle-dove.

I read it once, it sounded great.
 It read as smoothly as a book.
 I was a chump. I did not wait
 To give the thing a second look.

Her husband's boots were Number 9.
 Yes, I recall that valentine.

—GRINNAN BARRETT.

There is an automobile for every fourteen persons in this country, but the Fords are the only ones we ever see with fourteen persons in them.

Three of the Season's Footlight Favorites



*Marie Wells in
"Jim Jam Jems"*



*Helen Lee
Worthing at
the Shubert*



*Ruby Nevins in
"Tickle Me"*

Intrigue-Me-Not

A Farce adapted from the French, which draws the Blue Line at the Blue Lines

BY LISLE BELL

The scene is a conventional stage boudoir, with the telephone hidden by a French doll, and the heroine not exactly hidden by a French negligee. All the lamps have rose shades, and a 25-watt incandescent bulb burns brightly amid the artificial logs of the would-be fireplace. The heroine is reclining on a chaise longue reading a condensed version of "Three Weeks," which will only take a couple of hours.

A couple of hours pass.

The heroine closes the book just as the intruder opens the door. She is not startled. Having just finished "Three Weeks," she is ready for anything. Fortunately, the intruder is handsomer than anything. He is tall, dark, and has a good barber.

He (advancing to the center of the room)—May I come in?

She—Apparently.

He—Are you sure we'll not be disturbed?

She—Well, that's up to you. I haven't been disturbed for two hours, but maybe you can do it.

He (seizing her in his arms)—You vam—

She—Sh-h! Don't say "vampire." It sounds so professional.

He—What shall I call you?

She—Call me—Eve.

He—Ah, Eve—the first modern business woman!

She—How do you make that out?

He—Why, the inventor of the loose-leaf system.

She—I see. From fig-leaves to fig-ures.

He—We are wasting time. I came to ask you to fly with me.

She (indicating her negligee)—But I'm not dressed for flying.

He—Haven't you got a slip-on you can slip over that slip-in?

She—I thought you wanted me to fall for you—not merely slip.

He—I do! I want—

(The telephone rings.)

She—Excuse me. And don't forget what you were going to say you wanted. (Into the phone) Hello!

Operator (who is downstairs in the hall)

—Someone calling to see you, ma'am. A gentleman.

She—A gentleman? How extremely rare! Describe him.

Operator—He wears tan shoes that squeak. He has on a brown derby. There are spots on his vest, and a glass scarf-pin in his tie. He carries a toothpick between his teeth, and his trousers are baggy. He also needs a haircut.

She (into the phone excitedly)—I know that man! Don't let him come up! Have him arrested at once. He's a suspicious character. This is not the first time he's annoyed me, either! (She hangs up the receiver.) What a narrow escape!

He (goes to the window, and looks out)—Look! They're throwing the fellow into a patrol wagon! Why, who—? Good heavens, he's your husband!

She (calmly)—Of course.

He—But you said he was a suspicious character.

She—Well, he is one. Doesn't he suspect me?

He (seizing her again)—Oh. Eve, you vam—. I beg your pardon.

She (with a sigh)—Now that my husband's in jail, what were you saying you wanted when we were interrupted?

(They clinch, and the

CURTAIN FALLS)

Heard in the subway: "For heaven's sake, Madge, powder your nose; it's shining in my eye."

The world is full of changed conditions. Even the people who are reared in the lap of luxury many times are spanked over the knee of experience.

It isn't every fellow who can offer his hand and his heart to a girl and still keep his head.

Midsummer Night Dreams—Both of Them



*Marie Prevost and
Harriet Hammond,
Paramount-Mack Sen-
net Beauties*

A Sensible Conclusion

HE loved her.

He loved her passionately.

He could think of no one else in the world.

She was the sum total of his existence and all that.

For a long time he wooed her and laid his honest heart at her feet.

He pictured himself in a bungalow with roses twining over the door and was happy.

He even thought about the children and how the first two would be named after him and her.

She loved him.

She loved him devotedly.

He had all the manly qualities she admired.

She had a sense of contentment and safety when he was near.

The brightest moments of her maiden life were spent with her hero.

She pictured herself in a bungalow with roses twining over the door and was happy.

She even planned the delightful trips and vacations they would have after they had been married.

L'ENVOI

But they never married.

And they are still the best of friends.

The Case Against the Brief Skirt

THE prosecution of the case of PUBLIC MORALS vs. The SHORT SKIRT was summed up the other day by an eminent New England divine and apparently a student of skirtology who said, in closing his argument, that the short skirt exerts a more evil influence upon the morals of men than any other agency.

Yea bo!

But, how does he get that way?

The other day a lady with a tight fitting skirt which was so long that it reached almost to the ground, passed on Broadway. At the same time there were buzzing around the neighborhood at least three hundred ladies in skirts so short that a dog would have to be a good jumper to bite the hems.

The men in the street paused to stare. But did they stare at the flappers in the Ben Hur skirts? Not on your life. They gazed at the girl in the long skirt.

There was once a conductor on a London tuppence-ha'pny bus who had a bashful lady passenger. Before this lady would ascend the stairs to the roof, she gathered her skirts around her ankles and tried to hold them there.

"Never mind, lidy," said the conductor, "just 'urry along h'up stairs. Legs is no treat to me."

That illustrates it.

Remember when hooch was plentiful?

Would a man walk across the street to get any of it? No, indeed. But as soon as they made hooch illegal, even though he never cared for it before, he began looking for speak-easies, using every subterfuge to get the embalming fluid on sale there.

A woman in a short skirt attracts about as much attention in New York from the men as a subway kiosk, a peanut roaster or a Ford car.

If there were a poker game running wide open in a store room at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, with roulette wheels and a faro lay-out, nobody would care to gamble.

If whiskey were ladled out in open booths like the orange fluid is now, nobody would drink it.

With legs as plentiful as automobile wheels on every street in New York, nobody looks at them.

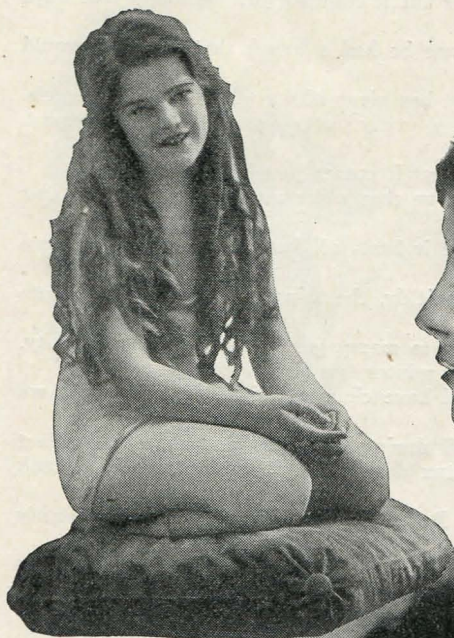
How many men journey up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to rubber at the Venus de Milo or any of the other ladies who are attired in atmosphere exclusively?

Anything that is free will never corrupt the morals of the men.

Nobody cares anything about going to a free show.

International troubles will now all come out in the wash. China has been admitted to the Council of the League.

A Quartet of Queenly Quality



*Martha Throop of
the "Greenwich
Follies"*

(c) Moffett



Alice Calhoun

(c) Lumiere



Martha Mansfield

White Studio



*Muriel De Forrest
in the Century Revue*

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Taking 'Em As They Come

FEBRUARY is the shortest month in the year but it contains just as many rent days as any of them.

Washington cut down the cherry tree because he had a hunch that cocktails would go out of style.

Many a man has sent a tender valentine that has given him a tough time all his life.

The ground-hog makes a correct prediction every forty years, in which regard he has the official weather bureau tied.

The best thing about February this year is that it comes just before March 4th.

A New Hampshire farmer writes in to tell us that there ain't no derned law that will prevent cider from fermentin'.

"The wicked stand in slippery places" and it beats all how they manage to keep on doing it.

If a young man wants to make a fortune quickly, the thing to do is to incorporate himself and become a public utility.

February brides are unlucky—if they happen to marry gents of no earning capacity.

This is what the president might call an open winter openly arrived at.

If the ground-hog sees his shadow, we will have climate. If he doesn't see it, we will have weather or vice versa.

There is one thing to look forward to all during February and that is the fact that you will be allowed to pay your income tax during the following month. Thank goodness February is short.

If heaven does not protect the chests of the Broadway flappers this winter, apparently nothing else will.

The wind will blow hard in March but it won't be any use. There are no skirts worth mentioning any more.

There was always a lot of skating in February but Volstead fixed that.

Our Want Ad Department

WANTED: A parrot to talk to gang of lazy longshoremen and tell them what I think of them. One previously owned by a chorus girl preferred.—*A Contractor.*

NOTICE: If the vaudeville actor who ran away with my wife and car will send the car back, no questions will be asked.—Box 27, *THE TATLER.*

FOR SALE: One of a pair of fine mahogany twin beds. A bargain. Reason for selling, Reno.—*AJAX, THE TATLER.*

WANTED: By prestidigitator and magician, man to collect watches in the audience. Last three men employed are now in the Tombs. Good job for right man, but hurry.—*LUKUS, THE MAGICIAN.*

BURGLAR: Experienced burglar wanted to locate Liberty Bond which I gave my wife to keep two years ago.—Box 97, *TATLER.*

BUSINESS OPENING: Man with ten pounds of raisins would like to meet man

with a hundred gallons of ginger ale. Object, home-brew.—*C. J. T., THE TATLER.*

TO TRADE: Must go on road with show immediately and would like to trade my husband for a small oil stove.—*TRIXIE, THE TATLER.*

WANTED: Position as lover in moving pictures. Exceptionally fitted for position as I was for three years champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of Hungary.—*ILIO LOKOFF.*

A FEW CRUSHED TRUTHS

One way to get away from the bustle of the city is to move to the outskirts of the town.

The girl who gets out of a tight skirt into a kimono is making what you might call loose change.

Two things that are always unexpected in this world are twins.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but all one has to do is start something.

The only difference between a stenographer and a confidential secretary is that the confidential secretary knows so much you don't dare fire her.

Nature At Her Best



*Kitty
Gordon*

*Charlotte
Fairchild*



*Florence Reed
in "The
Mirage"*

*Charlotte
Fairchild*



*Ethel
Hallor
White Studio*

Reflections of a Rounder

I AM entitled to some credit as well as George Washington. He couldn't tell a lie. I can but I won't.

I hope the international movement toward disarmament will extend to the New York gunmen.

When a man gets to sending valentines to another man's wife it is time for the Recording Angel to begin writing shorthand.

I have never been able to see how some of the Broadway "beauties" get that way.

I believe if there is a curfew law for Broadway folks, the curfew bell should be rung at 5 A. M.

If the failures keep on, Cain's storehouse will soon have to be as large as Madison Square Garden.

You cannot tell by their dinner coats the difference between a bandit from the Lower East Side and a bandit from Wall Street.

March is another one of those delightful months in which you have the privilege of going out and borrowing money to pay an installment on your income tax.

That New York man who has an income of \$10,000 a day is one of the few who would be able to keep a musical comedy on the road an entire season.

Chorus girls should cover up their chests next month. Remember what Caesar said: "Beware the hides of March."

Abolishing the Kiss

THERE was some little dissatisfaction with the late war on the part of American soldiers for the reason that every time one of them did anything worth while, he had to be officially kissed by a battery of French generals and occasionally by the president of the Republic. Two resounding official smacks denoted the seal of approval and some of the heroes didn't care much for this as they were quite ticklish and a good many of the French officials wore whiskers.

And it was tough on the officials. When the mayor of a small French town had to kiss an entire regiment it was a day's work for both sides. Now President Millerand has decided to taboo all official osculation. The president is not a kisser. It is doubtful if he would even consent to kiss the League of Nations at the present time. A good, hearty American handshake will be the most impressive gesture allowed in official circles.

The same thing has happened in Russia. It was found that the soldiers were not straining themselves to be heroic. They did no more than they had to. They passed the buck on heroics. The reason was very plain. Every time a soldier did a brave deed, he was kissed by Trotsky.

We understand little of the art of kissing on this side of the ocean except the co-educational sort which we learn on the

Fifth avenue bus, in the dark movie houses and in Central Park. The Europeans are very adept. A field marshal can kiss an entire army corps in an hour and a half and never miss a smack or have one explode in the air. They have been at it for many centuries. Postmasters kissed everybody who came for letters. The king kissed his court chamberlain and then tied a can to him the next minute. Kissing in some countries is a good deal like eating breakfast food. It gets so it doesn't mean anything.

THE ETERNAL COMPROMISE

AT Hick's Corners—Sitting up with a girl till half past ten, and buying her a potted geranium.

In Paducah, Ky.—Holding hands at the movies, and buying her a couple of sundaes.

In Philadelphia.—Taking her for a long walk on Sunday.

In Greenwich Village.—Setting her up in sweaters, and treating her to a bobbed haircut.

On Broadway.—Setting her up on Riverside Drive, and loading her down with sables.

On Fifth Avenue.—Setting her up at Newport, and loading her down with steam yachts.

Dame Fashion *Presents* ST. VALENTINE'S KETTLEDRUM

In Three Acts

SCENE I. Flash of Pennsylvania Station. Limousine drives up. Young man jumps out, followed by two young women and a matron. The matron is wearing a red-ingote of sand tricotine, the long tunic opening over an underskirt of navy blue faille, embroidered in sand colored braid. Her wrap of navy blue duvetyn, which she has drawn closely around her to bring the greatest fullness at

(Continued on page 22)



"'Oose 'ittle white lambie is 'ou?"
Why Hope Hampton's and I belong to her Joseck outdoor costume of white crepe Egyptienne

Capes are it, very much IT, for the spring, and why not when Fair Women can rise to the heights that Nita Naldi is achieving in this H. Samuels wrap of jacquard Roshanara Crepe?

First sister to the hoop skirt is this frock so reminiscent of the Pompadour period in which Natalie Manning is about to dance away. And Mary Walls makes it entirely of ribbons



Photos by Old Masters

(Continued from page 21)

the elbows, with a narrowing line at the bottom, is lined in beige pussy willow and generously collared and cuffed in chin-chilla squirrel. The navy blue ciré satin turban is clouded in a beige colored veil. Over her arm she carries a moleskin wrap, for even in the land of the orange groves raw winds prevail at times and the fur coat is comfortable in the motor.

Scene II. Interior of the Pennsylvania Station. The party is followed by chauffeur and porters laden with luggage. The older of the young women appears in a navy blue twill suit, the draped corselet skirt of Lanvin origin completed by a gray handkerchief linen peasant blouse and coolie coat absolutely devoid of trimming. Her gray faille hat is brightened by a novelty quill of blue lacquered.

Scene III. Close up of train gates, the sign bearing "Florida Special." The younger of the girls, this season's debutante, is shown in a covert suit, the short skirt with slot seams and pockets, the box coat tailored in the same way. The diverging fronts reveals a lingerie front which continues its frilly way around the collar and up the slits of the three-quarter sleeves. Her cellophane tricorné has a grosgrain ribbon trimming. The party disappears down the steps.

ACT 2

Scene I. On the sands at Palm Beach. The matron is seated in a beach chair and is wearing a frock of French blue handkerchief linen, cut princess, the front and back panel showing an open work design and set in with hemstitching. Her hat of the same material has a soft crown embroidered in the cut work and, like the dress, reflects a lining of dark red. Her daughters appear in the distance. They separate, one going to the bathing pavilion, the other approaches her mother.

Scene II. Close up of daughter greeting her mother. The daughter is wearing a white Thisdu dress, the long waist marked by a belt embroidered in orange and black and piped with silk of the same vivid colorings. The simple bodice is outlined at the neck in the same way, also the slashing in the front. Her Thisdu hat is gay with silk flowers in the bright colors and is faced with orange silk.

Scene III. A group of bathers come out of the pavilion and walk along the sands. Two of the girls leave the party and join the mother and daughter. One is wearing a suit of black pussy willow, the skirt em-

broidered in bright green worsteds. Her cape is of green water-proof satin matching her cap, and her black silk stockings are "booted" in green sandals. The other girl who goes in for much swimming, diving, etc., appears in a navy blue jersey two-piece suit with a clever petal cut of the so-called skirt. There are no sleeves and the top is cut in a V in the front. Her bright blue bathing-cap is built for protection first and foremost, and then piped in red for style.

ACT 3

Scene I. Flash of the Coconut Grove. The matron enters, and is followed by a young man who is directed by the head waiter to a conspicuously placed table, near the dancing floor. Many pairs of feminine eyes are covetously turned toward the gown of the matron, a creamy lace mounted over a sheath of pale green pussy willow satin, the pendant panels at one side falling in jagged points below the edge of the skirt, while at the other side the sash of green chiffon is arranged to drop in cascade drapings. A piping of the chiffon softens the V-shape neck and bell sleeves. Maline picture hat of green with large silk pond lilies. The couple seat themselves at a table for six.

Scene II. The orchestra starts, the dancers troop onto the floor. The two daughters are seen amongst the dancers. The older spies her mother at the table and with her partner goes over and joins them. A close-up displays her frock of white jacquard pussy willow crepe, of pipe stem plainness as to the low-waisted bodice with sleeves that scorn to reach the elbow. The straight skirt is given a certain air of bouffancy by the plaited tunic-apron which ripples across the front and at the sides. Her leghorn hat is wreathed in fruits and flowers. The matron orders tea for the party.

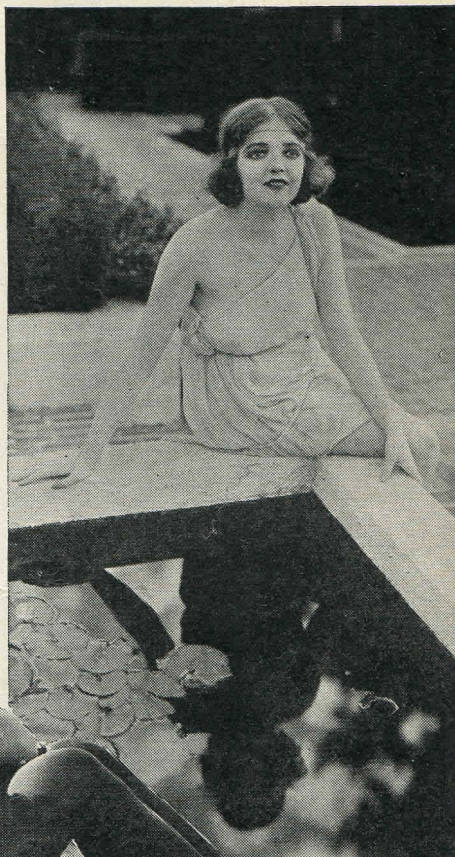
Scene III. A rolling chair is being guided by one of the coon pushers along a shady path, the fading rays of the sun flickering through the luxuriant southern foliage. The bright-eyed girl has all the appearances of a fair daughter of the sunny South in her organdy frock, the dash of color supplied by the inset motifs of green forming an effective enhancement at either side of the hem-stitched front and back panel. The big, floppy hat of green organdy shades blue eyes brimming over with the fun of the lark. A chill in the air as the red sun ball drops below the horizon calls forth a frothy chiffon wrap of pale pink with much shirring and ruffling.

Fade out.

Indoor Bathing Beauties



*Helen
Shea*



*Dagmar
Dahlgren*



Marie Prevost

BE YOUR OWN BARBER

ON account of a barbers' strike in an Eastern city the cafeteria or serve-self barber shop came into existence. Customers go in and shave themselves. It is not stated whether they cut their own hair. The procedure is doubtless about as follows after the customer enters the shop:

He hands his coat and hat to himself.
He hangs them on a convenient hook.
He asks himself how many are ahead.
He tells himself there are five.
He sits down and hands himself the Police Gazette.

He tells himself when he is "Next."
He fills his countenance with lather.
He also fills both ears and his mouth.
He asks himself how the razor feels.
He tells himself the razor is rough.
He strops it for ten minutes.
He tells himself the baseball gossip.
He tells himself the prize fight news.
He asks himself if he wants a massage.
He tells himself that he does not.
He makes a face at himself behind his back.

He mentally calls himself a piker.
He tries to sell himself a shampoo.
He tells himself he doesn't want one.
He tells himself his head is very dirty.
He says it makes no difference.
He asks himself what he wants on his face.

He tells himself he wants a little skin on his face.
He souses himself with witch hazel.
He combs his hair in a strange manner.
He brushes his clothes and hat.
He rings up a quarter on the register.
He tips himself a quarter and walks out.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON, George Washington,

We'll say he was in right.
No gloomy birds to spoil his fun
And nag him day and night.
He didn't break a law to take
His modest nip of rum
To warm the cockles of his heart
And regulate his tum.

He didn't know the income tax.
No surtax did appear,
So he could save some hundred smacks
Out of his pay each year.
It didn't take a plunk to break
An egg in a cafe.
He spent his Sundays as he would.
That was the ancient way.

There were no yeggs and stick-up men
To make off with his kale,
Nor taxi bandits prowling then,
He wore no shirt of mail.
The profiteers, back in those years
Were modest till it hurt
And when they robbed him they would
leave
His coat and pants and shirt.

No dismal goody-goodys blocked
His joys at every turn.
The minuet was not as yet
A sin for which he'd burn.
George Washington, he fought to make
This country free, we vow.
We'll bet his loyal heart would break
If he could see it now.

—ROY K. MOULTON.

Mixed Mottoes

Boudoir caps are responsible for more divorces than boudoir traps.

To err is human; to ermine, divine.

There's many a slip between the cop and the nip.

Oh, for the gland, gland days of youth!

Many a girl in all-silk lingerie has only an all-cotton mentality.

Woman's place is in the home—if you can come to an understanding with the landlord.

To give is better than to receive. That's what every woman thinks about criticism.

We Are Pleased To Present—



*Vivienne
Osborne
in
"Over the
Hill"*

*Edward Thayer
Munroe*



*Kathlene Martyn in the
"Midnight Frolic"*

Edward Thayer Munroe



Florence O'Denishaw

If Washington Lived Today

WE have often thought that we would like to see George Washington on Broadway now, today, with all our modern improvements hitting in unison. We are thinking of George quite a bit this month of February for, of course, it is his month.

Most people remember George as the party who could not tell a lie—who couldn't tell one if he met it on the street in broad daylight. They think of George as a marble statue, a man of stone with grim mouth, a stern and rockbound coast and a cast-iron disposition, but he was not that way at all. To see him on a postage stamp today, you would not believe that George was a regular red-blooded person, but he was.

General Washington, in fact was on Broadway at one time, but Broadway then reached from the Battery to Fulton street. The cocktail, in honor of which The Bronx was named, had not yet been invented. The germs had no meeting place, as the subway had not been bored. Lee and Jake had only two or three small theaters at that time and K. and E. had not yet begun their legal scraps. Flo Ziegfeld had only two or three moderately beautiful show girls. Al Woods had not bought a single bed to write a play around. The Woolworth Building was not more than three stories high.

They were very crude days, in fact, but the most important thing of all there were no telephones nor automobiles. So, taking it all in all, George was not up against the obstacles which must be met and overcome by modern married men. He did not tell a lie—very true, but he found very few

occasions upon which the truth would not answer.

When George left the house in the morning and closed the front door, he left Martha behind. In those days the wife could not follow the husband throughout the business day by means of a telephone wire. If George should happen to get home late, he could tell her he was detained at the office and she would have to believe it. She couldn't ring up the office seven times and find that he was out.

No friend of George's could call up the house and ask for him and say he had called the office and George hasn't been there all day. These telephone friends are among our modern improvements. George, in one way or another, missed a great deal.

When Martha said grimly: "George, where were you last night?" George never had a chance to lie. He would say: "I was at a meeting of the cabinet down at the corner of Broad and Wall" and it would be the truth. There was no other place to go in the evening. The roof gardens had not yet begun to sprout their annual crop of American Beauties.

With George, of an evening, it was a case of being all dressed up and having no place to go. There wasn't even a shooting gallery or a two-reel Chaplin in the whole burg.

Which leads us, with all due respect back to our original thought. What if Washington were here today.

He could not tell a lie. But if he were here today, he might learn, if he tried real hard.

AIN'T IT TRUE?

1900

WANTED—Competent housekeeper, good cook; must care for children; wages \$4.

1905

WANTED—Girl for general housework; no washing; \$5.

1910

WANTED—Maid to assist in small home; no upstairs work; \$6.

1915

WANTED—Girl for housework; no laundry work; every night out; \$7.

1921

WANTED—Girl to help with dishes; \$8.

Not Too Personal!

OTIS SKINNER was not named after an elevator.

George Arliss can see out of both eyes. Robert B. Mantell did not know Shakespeare personally.

Raymond Hitchcock never went around much with Billy Sunday.

Alice Brady is not the mother of William A. Brady.

Ben Ami was not named after a scouring soap.

George Cohan has not retired from the stage.

Postmaster General Burleson is not going into vaudeville.

Jack Dempsey will never be as good an actor as James Corbett.

Segregate the Sexes!

THE more we go to the theatre, the more we become convinced that the only way to add to the happiness of the human race at the box office is not to cut the price of theatre seats or to repeal the amusement tax, but simply to install separate box offices for men and women.

The average man goes to the box office to buy seats. The average woman goes there to shop, chat and enjoy the afternoon. Let the gents do their buying at one window, and the ladies at another, and all will be made happy.

Of course, it will increase the death rate among the men in the box offices on the woman's side. But someone must suffer in order that the dear things may enjoy themselves.

A man goes up to the box office, planks down a ten-dollar bill, and says:

"Gimme two for tonight."

A woman goes up to the box office, planks down her gloves, her shopping bag, her vanity case, a shirtwaist pattern she's just bought, and everything, in fact, but her false teeth and her back hair, and says:

"Have you two good seats for tomorrow night? Is that the best you have? Let me see them, please. Half-way back, you say? How many rows is that? Twelve? Oh, mercy, I can't see from there. I'm sure I can't. But if these are absolutely the best you have—? Are they in the center or on the side? Which side? And are they on the aisle? I must have aisle seats. I can't bear to have people coming in and disturbing me. And I hate to crawl over people's laps. People's laps are so big nowadays. I wonder why that is? Well, I don't know whether to take these or not. How far back will have I to sit in the center? The nineteenth? Oh, that's terrible! I could never hear from there. This is an awful theatre to hear in, anyway. Have you anything better for the matinee: 'How about Tuesday night of next week? How about Wednesday night? How about Thursday night? How about Friday night? Do you have a matinee

on Wednesday or Thursday? Oh, I couldn't possibly go Thursday. Isn't it too bad the matinee is on Thursday. And—oh, I wanted to ask you, is this a musical comedy or a regular comedy? I couldn't tell from the advertisement, and besides, I don't care much for musical comedy. Of course, my husband does, but he's not going with me. No, I'm taking a friend, and she doesn't care for musical comedy, either. Only she's not married. I don't think she ever will be. Of course, don't say I said so. Perhaps I'd better wait and ask her if she would like to see this show? She's awfully particular. That's another reason why she isn't married. At least, that's what she says! Still, I suppose you are liable to sell out, aren't you? You sometimes do. You couldn't lay these away for me, could you? No, I suppose not. Well, I guess I'd better take them. And how much are they? And does that include the tax? What time does the curtain—? Here! Someone is crowding me. They ought to be reported. I'm not going to be shoved, when I'm buying my tickets and minding my own business."



Marjorie Hope in the "Passing Show of 1920"

For the Modish Crook

THE day of the unshaven yeggman is past. The ragged thief is no more. The down-at-the-heel dip is done for.

This is the age of the ultra-ultra crook. He looks like a Fifth Avenue swell, and he works with the silence and perfect manners of a Newport butler.

He would no more say "have saw" than he would overlook a diamond tiara. He carries an English grammar in his kit, and a manicure set is as much a part of his equipment as a jimmy.

He is the Beau Brummell, a pomaded, polite, light-fingered and polished-nail person who lifts your silver with apology, and puts a bullet through your Sunday trousers with a bow.

He never pulls off a big job these days without first talking it over with his tailor, to decide just what he should wear. Nothing would cause him more annoyance than to realize that he had stowed away a cool \$50,000 with the wrong cravat on.

He has certain suits for morning wear, certain suits for afternoon wear, and certain suits for evening wear. The only departure he makes from the accepted standards is in refusing to wear striped

trousers with his cutaway. Somehow, he doesn't take to the idea of stripes.

For the rest, however, he is beyond criticism. He wears a flower in his buttonhole, if he wishes to buttonhole a dame with her full Tiffany regalia. For second-story work, an informal business suit is worn, with soft lapels, and a deep vent in the back, for a getaway.

The cutaway is donned for the afternoon. It is fitted with several inside pockets to hold the swag, which he lifts from the other guests.

Evening clothes are severe and formal. The revolver pocket is made without a flap, for emergency use, and the silk hat is fitted up with nitro-glycerin, drills, and other cold steel trimmings.

One nice feature of being a crook, from the sartorial point of view, is that he is always the best dressed man in a crowd. If, by any chance, he finds that some one has a more expensive overcoat than he has, he simply takes the other fellow's.

In this way, even though he may not be the best-dressed man in crowd when he enters it, he is sure to be by the time he leaves it.

Nose-Bag Statistics of Gotham

By a Diner Out (Out Is Right)

THERE are 12,357 eating places within two blocks of Times Square.

There are 00,000 eating places where the waiters refuse tips.

There are 11,934 eating places where you can get killed for offering a ten-cent tip.

Ladies are allowed to smoke in all the places except 00,000.

Enough griddle cakes are served every twenty-four hours to pave 136 miles of the Lincoln Highway.

There are in this district 43,752 business men who are out to lunch, no matter what time of day you try to get them.

There is not a place where you can get away with a good overcoat without being nailed.

There is enough French pastry in Broadway windows to feed the entire country for nine years. Some of it has been there that long.

There is a Mexican, a Hawaiian, a Swedish, a Spanish, a French, a Hindu, a Greek, a Japanese and Bulgarian place, all run by Italians.

Enough spaghetti is consumed every

twenty-four hours to wire all the telephone lines in the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and lace all the corsets in Virginia and Illinois.

There are several chain restaurants, where they keep the cheese chained to the table.

It would take an ordinary man eight years and a half to eat his way from Thirty-Fourth street to The Circle by taking one meal in each place.

There has not been a check-grabber discovered on Broadway since the war started.

The difference between table d'hôte and a la carte is about three hours and a half and three dollars and a half in favor of the latter.

There are 146,873 waiters named George. All the head-waiters are named Charlie.

The veal stew tastes so much like the lamb stew and the beef stew that you sometimes think it is venison ragout.

At one basement place, there is a sign: "Have a Cup of Coffee and Roll Down Stairs."

Would You Live a Thousand Years?

A NOTED scientist has just affirmed before a distinguished audience that, before very long, men and women will live a thousand years.

It is not stated as to whether the matter will be submitted to a referendum to find out whether the people will stand for it, nor is it stated how people are going to live a thousand years with prices where they are.

There is every indication that the project would be defeated by a large majority. Nobody but Henry Ford or John D. could finance so gigantic a proposition as a thousand years of life.

But just to show what would happen to a man if he lived a thousand years, we had our expert accountant at work on the case and he finds the following:

If an actor were a good actor, he would play 563 parts. If a bum actor, he would play 76,348 parts.

It is impossible to tell how many children a man would have and this must be left to the imagination, also expense of supporting same.

He would spend one-third of a thousand years or three hundred and thirty-three years in sleep, half of this in bed and the other half, or about 161 years in telephone booths waiting for numbers.

He would have a chance to take part in at least ten wars and would spend a total of 112 years after these wars looking for jobs.

He would witness 785 crusades by paid reformers but the world would continue to wallow in wickedness as per usual.

He would attend 19,654 punk shows and 673 good ones.

He would witness the unreeling of 3,487,983 miles of motion picture film and at the end would not be able to remember the story.

He would buy 4,567 patent glass cutters, 8,743 patent pocket cigar lights, 9,623 sure cures for falling hair, and 7,829 sets of books on the installment plan that he would never read.

He would accumulate 4,357 vacuum cleaners in various stages of unrepair.

He would have a barn full of broken down lawn mowers and discouraged baby cabs.

He would have 5,467 lead pencil sharpeners and would have accumulated 67,894 keys of various shapes without being able to remember what any of them were for.

At the end of the five-hundredth year he would give up in disgust.

Also B. Y. O. H.

THE dinner invitations these days are short, tart and highly instructive, giving the prospective guest to understand beyond the peradventure of a doubt that it is no time to waste squabs, terrapin or French pastry.

There must be one person for every squab or every portion of broiled guinea hen. If one person stays away, the loss to the host is well nigh incalculable. And the caterer refuses to take anything back.

Back to the old days when engraving was cheap, the invitations used to be flowery and full of expert rhetoric. Dates were spelled as follows:

"Three hundred and forty-seven,
One Hundred and Eighty-sixth street,
New York City,
October the twenty-eighth,
One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty."

Then, with the increased price of engraving, the date line gradually became condensed, as every word counts. Now it reads:

"347 186th St., N. Y. C., 10/28/20."

And the name of the host and hostess, instead of being spelled:

"Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency Tillinghast Podbury-Podbury," is now "Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Podbury."

They don't use "R. S. V. P." any more, but four letters as follows:

"B.Y.O.H.," meaning Bring Your Own Hooch.

Still They Say the War Is Over

MRS. PENNYPACKER, a worthy matron of Pennsylvania has sued her husband for divorce alleging that he always whistles around the house while doing household chores and this has jarred on her nerves to such an extent that it amounts to extreme cruelty. Inasmuch as Mr. Pennypacker is probably the only man in the world who whistles while doing household work, it is expected the judge may grant the degree and thereby allow the husband to go into vaudeville.

Nicholas Finch of Sawtucket, Mass., appeared in police court the other morning with the top part of a cook stove hanging around his neck and his head sticking through one of the holes. He alleges that Mrs. Finch struck him violently with the stove and wrecked the same, which he claimed, was carrying suffrage too far. Mr. Finch had refused to darn her stockings, and this caused all the trouble.

A Missouri woman has appealed for a divorce for the reason that her husband pilfers the house money from her after he

gives it to her. The judge holds that the charge is without foundation as no man in the world has ever been able to find where his wife hides her money.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Tubbs of Oil City, Pa., had lived happily together always and there had never been a word of dissension until this year when, for the first time they went out together to buy Christmas presents for their relatives. One word led to another and Mr. Tubbs is now in the hospital and has started suit for separation.

Jim Fink of Nashville, Tenn., has disappeared and left his wife with no one to carry the washings home when she has done them. It seems Jim and his wife were people of few words and conversed mainly by wiggling their elbows and eyebrows. The week before last Jim's wife said: "Jim, I want you to go out and split some wood." These were the first words she had spoken in two months.

"There is too much talk around this place," said Jim, and he disappeared.

The Thumb-Print's the Thing

A MOVEMENT is on foot to thumb-print the entire nation. By their thumb-prints ye shall know them. With a hundred and ten million thumb prints on record in Washington, the government sleuths will have a line on everybody worth while for there are no two thumb-prints alike.

There are so many laws that people cannot keep track of all of them and the most respectable citizen is liable to become a lawbreaker before he knows it. Then again, the thumb-print is an alibi. If it isn't his thumb-print that is discovered on the glass, then it was not he that took the drink. What could be sweeter?

The system will have its advantages, of course. If you pay Bill Jones a dollar you owe him and a year later he denies ever having received it, you can go and find the dollar bill and show your thumb-print and his on it. It is as good as a signed receipt.

The thumb-prints on the coffee cups in the one-armed restaurant will tell you exactly who has lunched there before your arrival and if you are looking for anybody in particular this will offer an undeniable clue.

A stolen umbrella will show the thumb-prints of the original owner and the man

who stole it but the trouble with this is that there is not enough room on any umbrella handle for the thumb-prints of all persons through whose hands it passes in the course of a week.

If you want to know why your monthly telephone bills are high, you can haul out your trusty microscope and examine the receiver for thumb-prints. The fact that probably none of them got the number he wanted is no excuse. The evidence will stand.

If an inquisitive wife wants to trace the movements of her spouse she can take an inventory of all the door knobs in town and she will certainly know his thumb-print by heart. If she can't remember it, she can take one of the family towels along.

When they borrow your pipe, drink your hooch, go joy-riding (so called) with your Ford, open your cigar box, wear your dress suit, shake hands with your wife, try to drag your hired girl away, swipe your lawnmower, open your mail or send you anonymous mail, you will have them lashed to the mast and the thumb-prints will do it.

But the entire government machinery may be upset when some genius discovers that immunity may be found in wearing gloves.

The Plumber and the Star

The author of this beautiful ballad, of sentimental turn, is Mr. Ludwig Hoopgarner, of Brooklyn, a new-comer in the song-writing field. This, his first effort, although it really was no effort at all, depicts a certain phase of Broadway life since the war, in a subtle way. We are sure Mr. Hoopgarner has a brilliant future in the song-writing world as in this song, he runs the entire gamut of human emotions from joy to grief and part way back. Several song-publishers to whom the editor showed this ballad, burst into tears after reading the first few lines and could not finish it.—The Editor.

O THERE was a sturdy plumber and his maiden name was Jim.
He loved a movie star but she had never heard of him.
He did not dare to go and tell this maiden of his love
Because he knew an actress was so far, of him, above.
Them was the days before the war when Jim, he was quite poor.
He went each night to see her act and he was loyal to her.
One day a strange thing happened and it was, what do you think?
Our hero was called to her flat to fix her kitchen sink.

As she came out to see the work, Jim was upon his knees
And then he said: "I love you, gal, and you will wed me please."
She said: "Oh, no, I can't do that, but this is what I'll do.
I think I've got a splendid job and that it will fit you.
I'll let you write scenarios of my movie plays for me.
You ought to do as well as many authors that I see."
The plumbing wages were not large back in them days and so
He took this job of author for it brought him in more dough.

And then the war it busted out and wages went sky-high
And all the plumbers in the land were grabbing for the pie,
So Jim went back to plumbing and became a millionaire
And made more money each week than the movie star so fair.
And then he bought a limousine and took her for a ride
And bought a palace on the Drive and she became his bride.
The moral is that every girl who yearns to marry wealth
Should cheer up and perhaps she'll land a plumber for herself.

Rules for a Puritanical New York

VENUS DE MILO, The Bacchante, The Greek Slave and other ladies who inhabit the Metropolitan Museum of Art shall wear skirts which reach to the floor, long sleeves (except in the case of Venus) and high collars. Square-toed shoes and woolen stockings shall also be provided.

The legs of all tables and chairs in restaurants shall be properly clothed in skirts or large pantaloons concealing all.

All musical comedies shall be opened with the singing of hymns, which shall continue throughout the performance. There shall be no dancing of any nature. A free-will offering will be taken after every act.

After the leaves have fallen, in the autumn, all the bare limbs of trees in Central Park shall be concealed by draperies.

The lady in the large electric corset ad at Fiftieth street shall be sent to Sing Sing for life.

Beds shall not be displayed in furniture store windows.

No stocking-form nor lingerie shall be shown in windows nor in any stores except for private view by the feminine sex in a carefully guarded back room.

Annette Kellerman and the Hippodrome mermaids shall do their diving in regulation rubber suits used by deep sea divers, including iron helmet concealing the face.

All bathing suits shall be equipped with high collars, long sleeves and hoop-skirts, also four petticoats and woolen bloomers fitting tightly around the ankles.

The words shimmy, nude, leg, voluptuous and vampire shall be deleted from all books in the public library.

Photographs of actresses may be exhibited and displayed but only their faces shown.

How to Be a Caveman (In Ten Lessons)

I

WHEN she asks you for money, do as the old caveman did. Try to grab her by the hair, for the purpose of swinging her around your head and throwing her off the cliff. After you are discharged from the hospital, send us a description of your sensations.

II

When you have stayed out all night and she asks you next day where you were, tell her it is none of her business—and then see whether it is or not.

III

If you do not believe in gambling tell her you will not allow her to go to the bridge club. Then write in and tell us how long you had to sit in the automobile in the cold outside the club waiting for her.

IV

Positively forbid her to buy any new clothes for six months and then tell us how you raised the money to pay for the six Fifth avenue creations she went out and bought that very afternoon.

V

Tell her you will positively not go to a drama with her and that she must go to a girl show or stay at home. Write in next day and tell us how you enjoyed the drama.

VI

Put your foot down and tell her defiantly that the old automobile will have to last another season and that you will chuck the whole marriage game rather than buy a new one. Then tell us how you like your new Complex automobile.

VII

Announce that you are tired and want to rest up and positively will not go to church. We will gladly print your criticism of the pastor's sermon.

VIII

Flatly refuse to have a new sun-parlor built on the house and then tell us what sort of furniture you had put in it.

IX

Be your own boss. Telephone her you will not be home to dinner. Write in next day and tell us how you enjoyed the filet mignon she had for you when you got there and what you thought of the lecture on "Psychology" at the Community House afterward.

X

When she asks you who the blonde was you were with in a taxicab the night before tell her you don't know any blonde and then tell us how many names of your blonde friends she spied off to you.

How Do They Do It?

(Excerpts from the daily prints)

IGNATZ WIZINSKI arrived from Poland one year ago, a friendless immigrant with only \$2.78. For the first six weeks he sold shoe strings and is now president of one of the largest motion picture concerns in New York. He has recently signed up six great stars.

Moe Schmool two years ago was a poor pants maker on the Lower East Side. One day he said to himself: "Why be a pants maker?" and he went up town and bought his first theater. Soon he owned two more and now has a chain of theaters reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Abie Pooch was selling papers near the Brooklyn bridge not more than three years ago. He obtained a position as office-boy with a motion picture producing concern

and now he owns the works. He has recently built a mansion, on Park avenue and has a flock of nine automobiles.

A little over six months ago Levi Goldstein was a messenger boy for a contracting firm. By strict attention to his duties, he was advanced rapidly. Since those early days, six months ago, he has built and now owns fourteen apartment houses in Washington Heights and has an annual income of \$1,000,000.

One year ago Sol Silverman operated an orange drink stand on a salary. Suddenly he was seized with an ambition to enter the theatrical business. Now he has five musical comedies on the road and plans to produce nineteen shows next season. He has had two hits on Broadway this season.

Who says they are not smart people, what?

The cows may belong to the country but the bull belongs to the city.

Who's Who and What's What in Pictures

Lois:—Mme. Nazimova's latest picture is "Madame Peacock." She is married to Chas. Bryant.

M. G. D.—You have been misinformed, Mary Pickford has no intention of leaving the screen. Her next picture will be "The Flame in the Dark" which will be released shortly.

Jessie:—I think you are wrong, Betty Compson and Anna Q. Nielsen are not sisters. Yes, Betty did play in "The Miracle Man" so did Thomas Meighan. He is married to Frances Ring, a sister of Blanche.

L. M. G.—Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. She is thirty-four years old and has reddish blonde hair, if one can have hair of that color.

Eleanor:—Ruth Stonehouse who is playing in "Cinderella's Twin" with Viola Dana is the same Ruth who formerly was starred in Essanay Pictures. Pauline Frederick played in "The Mistress of Shenstone." Yes, she has been married.

Jessica:—Maguerite Clayton who played with Gilbert Anderson years and years ago is in New York at the present time but not playing with any company that I know of.

J. D. B.—Neal Hart's latest picture is "Hell's Oasis." He was born and lived on Staten Island for a number of years.

Fannie:—Francis X. Bushman is in Los Angeles rehearsing for a new stage play. Do I hope he will return to the screen? I would rather not answer that question.

Bebe B.—Madge Kennedy is twenty-six years old and at present is playing in "Cornered" at the Astor Theatre, New York.

Cecil 69:—I am sorry, I cannot tell you the name of Bert Savoy's first wife, she was a non-professional, he has not married again. I do not believe THE TATLER will publish pictures of any of the female impersonators. We go in for the real thing. Thank you for the nice things you said about THE TATLER and let me hear from you again.

Monte Cristo:—The dancing team of Cortez and Peggy are on the road with the "Always You" company. I am sorry but I cannot tell you when they will return to New York. Will let you know through this column when I get the information. Glad to hear you enjoy reading THE TATLER, everyone does.

Lucie:—No, Walter Long and Lon Chaney are not the same person, where did you get that idea?

Ida E. Rovner:—You certainly are in an awful fix: superfluous hair, bow-legs, falling hair, and near sighted. Why not go to a doctor and ask his help, unfortunately, we cannot help you.

L. R.—Elsie Ferguson will return to the pictures shortly and has no intention as far as I know of leaving the stage.

FLORENCE: Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing for Pathe. She probably will appear in pictures again.

Manchester:—Louise Huff's next picture will be "Fine Feathers." She will appear as Mrs. Jane Reynolds. Some of the pictures she has appeared in are: "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," "Freckles," "The Varmint," "What Money Can't Buy," "The Ghost House" and "Tom Sawyer."

Jerry:—Yes, Lucy Cotton was an artist model before going on the stage, she has posed for such well known artists as Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Wenzell, Charles Frederick Naegle and Emil Fuchs. Her next picture will be for Metro, and the title of it is "The Misleading Lady." Yes, she did have a small part with Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl."

Harry M.:—Edward Connelly who is now playing in Metro pictures is the same Edward Connelly who played with Nazimova two seasons ago on Broadway in Ibsen plays.

Kate.—Gloria Swanson is married and has a little baby. Of course she will appear in pictures again.

RALPH F. CUMMINGS,
Fisherville, Mass.

*Brightening
Homes from
Coast to Coast
flashes*

"BRIGHT EYES"

(FOX-TROT SONG)

SEASONS SPARKLING SONG SENSATION

BRIGHT EYES

Chorus

Bright eyes ——— I know you so well ——— Bright



The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is for the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics 'Bright eyes ——— I know you so well ——— Bright'. The middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a melody with dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a bass line with dynamic markings 'p' and 'f'.

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ASK YOUR FAVORITE SINGER TO SING IT.*

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